Smooth Sailin'

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Smooth Sailin'

by Phenobarbital

Summary

When Hannibal had bought Will a boat, he'd had so many scenarios in mind as to how that boat would be put to use...

Notes

- I do not own Hannibal, any of it's characters or the lyrics Will sings in the story.
- This came about as a result of me trying to work through my updates for two other Hannigram stories. It's short and quirky and weird and quite literally needs the theme inspiration song to really understand how this happened. I have provided audio, if you're interested in reading, I suggest giving the song a listen :)

See the end of the work for more notes

When Hannibal had bought Will a boat, months after healing from their impromptu Atlantic dive, and a year and eight months to the day since his prison break, many arguments, silences – both awkward and comfortable-, many apologies, shared meals and shared smiles and finally true forgiveness and progress and happiness having passed between them, he'd had so many scenarios in mind as to how that boat would be put to use by the brunet.

He'd imagined Will spending hours out on the water; fishing, relaxing, maybe sunbathing. He'd imagined Will doing all of those things with a smile on his face, or a look and feeling of serenity and calm…and often in Hannibal's thoughts, he was in various states of undress, or he was very, very well dressed. Really, there was no harm in it, so Hannibal allowed himself a few indulgences of a less than gentlemanly nature.

So, yes, he often imagined Will's lean body, the younger man standing on the deck of the boat under the southern sun, dressed up or down or not at all (ahem), the warm ocean winds blowing his thick, dark chocolate curls into a lovelier mess than it already was. He imagined Will's

nicely tanned skin in *all* places, especially where it might be teasingly visible at the open front of a crisp white linen shirt, and where his well-muscled calves might be visible if he wore summer shorts or if his pants were rolled up. And he'd be barefoot, or perhaps wearing loafers or beach sandals, and there'd almost always be a sheen of hot, faintly glistening sweat delectably visible against his gorgeous skin in Hannibal's imaginings, something that seemed wonderfully plausible in the terribly hot climate of South America's western coastline…just as Will's pants would always be nicely tight in all the right places so that his perfect, firm backside would be on show.

Yes, not very gentlemanly at all.

But of course, in his thoughts, Will was always completely at ease, confident and sexy and happy…

Honestly though, Hannibal never expected any of those things could ever be a reality, because aside from the fact that Will was far too introverted and self-conscious, at the time when he'd given Will the keys to the boat, Will had said thank you, certainly he had, but he'd been hesitant and had looked like he didn't feel comfortable receiving as expensive a gift as a shiny, brand new boat. He'd actually looked as though he had no idea what to do with himself and a boat.

For that reason, Hannibal had not only written off the possibility of his daydreams ever coming true, but he'd also resigned himself to leaving Will completely to his own devices , choosing to make no move to go anywhere near the marina with Will or without him, thinking it was best to let Will enjoy his gift however he would like to. Privately, unbothered, allowing the younger man some time alone for peace of mind; no longer a house in the middle of nowhere that looked like a boat at night, but on an **actual** boat.

After all, they were long past worrying over abandonment and betrayal, they were long past grudges and trying to hurt each other. So leaving Will to be alone on a boat gave Hannibal no pause, since they now lived together as lovers would…even though they *weren't* and Hannibal suspected they never would be, regardless of what the locals thought and how they lived. And all because Will was oh-so-straight, whatever that meant for someone with a mind like Will Graham's.

And it was fine, it was better than fine actually…because Will was still with him, and that was so significant in so many ways, that Hannibal would never dare to devalue it, he would never risk it.

Being that as it was though, Hannibal was Hannibal.

And Will had had his gift for two whole months presently, which meant that Hannibal's curiosity and wondering over just what the brunet got up to on the boat for *hours* at a time, had him terribly frustrated, made worse still by the fact that Will said nothing about it, ever, not when he left in the early mornings or afternoons, and not when he came back for lunch or dinner. And even though he always came back with a fish or five, and a healthy sun-flush over his smooth skin, Hannibal was still *too* interested in the details to just leave it be.

So…like the patient man that he was, extenuating circumstances not included obviously, he waited for a nice, hot Friday afternoon, when Will left for his boat, as had become routine.

He waited until Will had driven off the property before he got into his own car and did likewise, except, he drove in a different direction, but was headed to the same destination; the marina.

The route he took was a good 15 minutes extra added to the drive time though, because he had to go around the long way, so by the time he arrived at the marina, Will had undocked the boat, the vessel no longer there at its rented slip.

But, Hannibal noticed as he looked out over the water, it wasn't far.

Will hadn't sailed very far away at all, *and*, the boat wasn't moving.

It was just floating, at a distance but not really, still well within sight but with no clear details plainly noticeable aside from the fact that it was not moving more than with the flow of the water. Hannibal stood on the slip with his hands in the pockets of his cool linen pants, considering his options as his gaze slid from the idle boat floating out well past the drop off, which was where the slip extended until, down to the water itself…and his lips curled up just so when he came to a decision.

Hannibal was a swimmer, a strong swimmer, a quick, adept and practiced swimmer, and he estimated five minutes, maybe six, of a steady but not overexerting freestyle swim, for him to reach the boat.

So, without hesitation, he stripped down to his black briefs, -not even looking out of place in the marina which was just a ways off from a busy beachfront full of half naked beach goers. And after folding his clothes neatly and leaving his shoes beside them on the deck of the slip, Hannibal dived gracefully, cleanly and with barely a splash, into the cool water of the southern Atlantic, breaking the surface again a few meters away from the slip, before going straight into a freestyle swim in the direction of the boat.

The swim had been tiring, but not in a bad way, rather, in the invigorating way.

Because Hannibal loved the burn in his muscles that good exercise provided, and he enjoyed the heightened rate of his heartbeat that physical exertion –of the hunting or exercising variety-, and occasionally the sight of Will Graham in almost all scenarios, managed to achieve, so he tended to savor the feeling.

Audio

But presently, as he reached for the handlebars to climb up onto the swim platform of the boat, Hannibal was distracted from counting the beats of his healthy heart, as he became aware of music…**loud** music, playing on the boat. He frowned slightly as he climbed up the step ladder and stood up on the platform, water running off his lean body to pool at his feet as he listened to the very rhythmic, almost *funky* music played at a volume that Hannibal would consider to be offensive had the boat not been so far out on the water, where the noise would not disturb anyone.

Surprised, confused and completely uncertain of what to expect at this new development, Hannibal walked further up and onto the boat, making his way around and along the side after a

quick glance through the open doors of the low cabin revealed no one inside.

And coming around to the front of the boat, Hannibal was *stunned* by the sight that awaited him, and that was putting it mildly…because it was **Will,** but Will in a way that trumped any and every imagining Hannibal had ever had of the younger man.

Will was half naked; shirtless and wearing nothing but slate gray, rather tight, board shorts that sat low on his hips and midway on his thighs. Yes, Will was half naked, with a complementary –and perfect as he'd imagined- sheen of sweat clinging to his lightly freckled, tan shoulders, his neck and the strong, lean line of his back…

…and his hips were *swaying* slightly to the music, the muscles in his shapely ass and long legs tensing firm and defined with every small and well-timed step, shift and sway that the brunet made.

His hair was a sun dried and hot mess, strands and ringlets clinging to Will's neck and his ears and cheeks from the sweat prickling on his skin. And on his sharp nose, dark sunglasses –that Hannibal had *never* seen- were perched, setting a lovely contrast, along with Will's beard, against his lightly tan skin and the red hue of his sun-warmed cheeks.

Hannibal, barely able to blink, swallowed thickly as he absently leaned against the silver boat railing, his hand tightening around the shiny steel piping and his mouth suddenly feeling exceptionally dry as his heart rate continued to beat quickly…maybe even a little faster, at the sight of the younger man filling in for fantasies Hannibal had never thought could be true and had never even had the inkling to consider.

Will hadn't noticed him, and Hannibal was insanely grateful for that, watching as the younger man busied and distracted himself with sorting through his fishing gear, having started setting up for an afternoon of fishing. It was a fortunate thing that he was preoccupied, because right then Hannibal, in his tight wet briefs, had a rather aggressive boner rapidly pitching up, and the idea of Will seeing him like that did not sit well with him.

But he tensed for a second when the music ended, leaving a natural quiet to settle in the hush; light wind and water lapping at the boat, but it was only a few seconds before another song started up…another song with a rhythmic, catchy tune with a funky beat, and just like that, Will was immediately swaying and stepping and *smiling* so distractedly along with the music he so clearly liked, that Hannibal might as well have been invisible.

And then the vocals kicked in…and Will was dancing and *singing*…with **relish.**

The brunet was grinning as he sang along, his own voice mostly drowned out by the high volume,

"It's all in motion, no stoppin' now, I've got nothin' to lose, and only one way up…" but the effect of witnessing it, the infectious sight, was no less eye catching, breath taking, because it seemed so natural, so comfortable, "…I'm burnin' bridges, I destroy the mirage…"

The way he moved, the way he sang along, the way he cocked his eyebrow above the frame of his sunglasses as he crisply mouthed,

"…oh, visions of collisions, *fuckin'* bon voyage…" and swayed and stepped and leaned his head back just so, smirking as he sang the next part out loud, "…it's all *smoooooth sailin'*, from here on out…yeah…"

He danced a bit more then, continuing to mouth along as he moved his shoulders to the beat,

"…I got bruises and hickies, stiches and scars," he tipped his head from side to side slightly, his voice becoming a fair falsetto as he went on "…got my own theme music…it plays *wherever I are*…" biting his lip against another grin as he set the fishing pole into the leather pocket on the deck.

And it was then, as he turned around to pick up his box of lures with a smooth sway and step, half-way through the lyrics of; **fear is the hand, that pulls your strings.**...when he saw Hannibal and he stopped abruptly, smile twitching once before it rapidly fell away.

And Hannibal couldn't see it, but he just *knew* Will's lovely blue eyes were wide behind his dark sunglasses, undoubtedly looking over his state of undress and plainly visible interest barely contained inside his briefs, as a fresh hue of a deep red flush ran down the brunet's neck and over his hairless, well defined chest.

But by that point, Hannibal couldn't help it and didn't care to, standing wet, with his hair absently pushed back from his forehead into a not altogether neat tangle, his chest heaving from exertion and shock and his briefs now obscenely outlining his obvious erection from a bone deep arousal steadily moving through him. He didn't even try to stop himself from grinning at Will sharply, so plainly delighted and so honestly liking and desiring what he was seeing as he tilted his head to the side to show his intrigue, raising an eyebrow of his own, wordlessly daring and encouraging Will to continue.

And he knew the moment when Will's eyes narrowed because of the crease in his brow, but it wasn't a bad sign at least, because his –lovely- mouth curved into a smile that wasn't shy so much as it was…coy…

…and then, as if the lapse in his private performance hadn't occurred, Will wet his lips with a quick swipe and sliver of tongue, and then he started *swaggering*, just so, taking a steps forward as he picked up mouthing the lyrics exactly where the music presently was,

"…so easy to see, and so hard to find…" he took rhythmic steps toward Hannibal, "…make a mountain of a mole hill…if the mole hill is…mine." and since he was closer, Hannibal heard the gravelly tone he was affecting to sing along with the vocalist.

He was truly mesmerizing in every movement he made, sexy and sure, and *everything* Hannibal could never have guessed.

There was a lapse in the vocals just then, and Will came to stand a foot away from Hannibal on the lightly swaying boat deck, the guitars and bass and a steady drum beat pounding loudly in Hannibal's ears, while, coming alive right before him, was the *confident*-Will from his fantasies, the younger man, now in close proximity, continuing to mouth along and sing low when the vocals picked back up,

"I hypnotize you…and no one can find you…" he grinned with a flash of teeth as he leaned in slowly, stopping inches away and almost nose to nose with Hannibal, their breaths mingling as Will said, "…I blow my load over the status quo, *here we go*…" in a low, devastatingly sexy voice.

And Hannibal was pathetic for it, but he leaned forward for a kiss like a man lost and starved and needing…and was easily denied as Will smoothly leaned away, grinning teasingly as he swayed and stepped back, reaching up to push his sunglasses up into his luscious curls as he continued to mouth along with a grin,

"…I'm a little bit nonchalant, but I dance…" and his blue eyes, now revealed, were bright with mischief and amusement as he feigned a shrug to the lyrics, "…I'm risking it always…no, second chance…"

Will stopped moving back just two steps away,

"It's gonna' be…*smoooooth sailin'*…from here on out…" the damn tease winking at Hannibal right then, and that was it, "…I'm gon' do the damage…" Hannibal lost it, "…til' the damage is done…" a surge of arousal flipping his switch to 'predator must conquer' mode; he moved fast and sure.

If Will had been expecting the loss of control, Hannibal had no way of knowing, but the younger man didn't move away or seem alarmed as Hannibal grabbed him, nor did he tense up when Hannibal rush-kissed him, open mouthed, hot and demanding, his hands firmly grabbing Will's exceptional ass, his tongue sliding *smoothly* into the brunet's mouth after the resulting gasp.

And there was no resistance at all, which was sublime.

Will's low singing became a low groan and hot exhale when Hannibal pressed their bodies, their hips, together, close enough now that he could feel Will's stiffening arousal against his own and he squeezed the younger man's ass in pleased response to the unbelievable reaction.

And Will kissed him back immediately, his lips parting wider as Hannibal ate hungrily at his mouth, Hannibal savouring feeling the length and firm line of Will's body, hot and dry from the sun, now plastered flush against his own cool and wet skin. A few seconds of deep tonguing passed between their mouths before Will's hand came up to grasp and cradle the side of Hannibal's face, while his other hand planted flat to his shoulder and slid against his damp skin to settle splayed on Hannibal's shoulder blade.

The music played on, somehow inciting and provocative, and Hannibal kissed Will without holding back, hot and wet, breathy, sucking and tonguing and nipping, making it so Will had to keep up, loving the sensation of Will's blunt nails biting into the skin of his back and the other hand sliding over his ear, up into Hannibal's wet hair. Loving that he could hear their kissing, their panting, Will's soft groans and his own grunts and huffs, even through the vocals and instruments drowning out every other sound. Loving the way Will pressed forward, pressed in, sucked and nipped back, their noses brushing and bumping as they changed angles with aggressive but synchronized movements.

He couldn't get enough of Will's ass filling his palms, but with Will becoming fully aroused, heavily and stiffly hard and hot against him, and starting to grind and sway –somehow, still to the music- against his hips, Hannibal had to stop for a moment; he had to know, had to look into Will's eyes, had to hear the younger man say *yes*, say that he *wanted*.

So with one last grope to Will's ass, he brought his hands up and took a hold of the sides of Will's face, and with an audible sucking smack, he pulled Will back from their kiss…only to suck a slow kiss over the younger man's chin and then against the underside of Will's jaw as the brunet let his head fall back slightly into the cradle of Hannibal's hands; Will's own hands moving, sliding to settle on Hannibal's shoulders where they flexed and grasped

The song drew to a close and the silence was filled with their elevated breathing for only a moment before another started up, a less provocative, but no less intense song and Hannibal smiled against Will's bared throat, feeling the shift of skin and tendon as the brunet slowly brought his head forward again, to pant softly against the side of Hannibal's hair, their bodies still pressed flush together, both of them still very aroused.

And just as Hannibal began kissing Will's neck again, the younger man started laughing in that soft, breathy way that he usually did when he was quietly amused by something dark and ironic.

Hannibal smiled wider still, teeth bared against Will's throat before he lifted his head again in order to set his mouth against the younger man's in a slow, sticky and smiling lip to lip kiss just once. And then they looked into each other's half lidded eyes and Hannibal asked just loud enough that Will would hear over the music,

"You're amused by all of this?"

And Will smiled wider, an honestly rakish grin, huffing a few more chuckles through his nose as he kissed Hannibal –***he*** *kissed Hannibal* -, as though they'd done it a thousand times, once and then again, wide and wet, his bare arms sliding to encircle Hannibal's neck as Hannibal slid his hands down to encircle Will's waist in his own arms. The younger man drew back to nod once, as they both reopened their eyes.

Then, Will said quietly,

"I never pegged you for a Queens of the Stone Age fan…" he continued to grin when Hannibal cocked an eyebrow, able to guess what he meant but not knowing offhand, and Will, apparently more playful and flirtatious than Hannibal could ever have anticipated, raised his eyebrows lazily, "…I thought maybe Simply Red, you know, when no one was looking." he punctuated his teasing with a firm press of his body against Hannibal's.

And that time, Hannibal knew who he was talking about, but he didn't bother to say so, simply accepting the teasing for what it was, far more interested in taking Will down into the cabin and having his way with the gorgeous, apparently equally interested, brunet.

So he just smiled, leaning in for another single, slow…so slow…open-mouthed kiss, before he drew back and spoke into the enticingly affected, shaken exhale from Will,

"…it's all smooth sailin' from here on out…" he said with a smirk, the words sounding odd in his thick accent as he splayed and flexed his hands while sliding them into the dip of Will's naked, sweat damp, lower back.

Will huffed another soft laugh then, grinning cheekily as he bobbed his eyebrow upward just once, voice dropping to a low, sexy husk as he responded with,

"…well, I love the thought of coming home to you…"

And if Hannibal hadn't been a fan of Queens of the Stone Age before, after waking up hours later in the cabin, deeply satisfied and thoroughly sex rumpled, to Will singing 'Monsters in the Parasol' while showering, he certainly became one.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Me on: Tumblr

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